

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MUSEUM.

WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

NO. 21.—VOL. XXII.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, JULY, 21, 1810.

NO. 1118

THE VICAR'S DAUGHTER. — A TALE.

My friend Caroline called upon me one day, lucely, and proposed a walk; I agreed, and went to throw on my cloak. The day was clear and frosty, and the air, though chill, was somewhat softened by the appearance of a bright sun, which drest our little garden in smiles that had been chased away by winter's stern command. Caroline and I set out, and we were delighted with the day; so I proposed that we should take a longer excursion: after mature deliberation, it was agreed that we should visit William's cottage. Our road lay along the banks of the Yarrow, so famous in song. We talked of other days; memory recalled some pleasing scenes which we had witnessed, and some painful ones; however, we beguiled the way with the pleasures of anticipation; we pictured the simple manners of the happy cottagers we were going to visit. William had been a servant of my father's, and he had married a young woman in the adjoining village. My father had assisted him in establishing himself; he was very grateful for it, and was always happy when any of us condescended (as he called it), to come and see his wife and him in their humble dwelling. It is a delightful sensation when we are conscious of giving pleasure to others; it soothes the roughness and asperity of our tempers, to accustom ourselves to want many comforts, in order to relieve those who have fewer blessings. We had now reached William's cottage; his oldest boy, a fine chubby little rogue, was standing at the door; he saw us approach, and instantly ran in to tell his mother that Miss Harriet was coming, and a lady with her: we followed them in, and received a most hearty welcome from the good woman. The simple Jean was indeed a pleasing specimen of rural felicity; she was a charming companion for William. Her anxiety to get us seated, and apologies for the house being in disorder, were most natural and interesting: she told her little boy to run and bring his father, who was working in a field near the house. We begged her to let him remain, that we would spend a little time with her most agreeably. The fine frank little fellow, though he was happy to see us, did not forget his mother's commands, he broke from us to fulfil them with cheerful obedience. While I was talking to the good woman, Caroline had withdrawn herself from my side. "You are looking at my little Robert," said Jean, "he has not been well for some days, and I am happy to get James to play about the door to keep him quiet; however, he has taken a long sleep this forenoon. I hope he will awake a good boy." I looked into the cradle, and beheld a most engaging infant. "You are a sweet fellow, Robert," said Caroline; "I wish you would awake that I might have you in my arms." His mother lifted him up, and in a little while he opened his full blue eyes upon her, and smiled so sweetly, that we were quite delighted with him. Caroline

took him in her arms and said, Jean, I am almost tempted to steal your little boy. William now appeared leading in James, who was glad to return to us again: his father received us with that blunt hospitality which pleases, because it is sincere.

Jean set before us the best that her cottage could afford. We dined with her most comfortably, and Caroline reluctantly resigned the little Robert to his mother. We then took our leave, highly gratified with our visit. We proposed to go and drink tea with the Miss Esfields at Rose-bank; this we did, and found them at home, where we spent a most agreeable evening. The moon was now risen, and she reminded us, that we had to retrace our steps along the Yarrow braes. Miss Maria came a little way with us, but we could not ask her farther, as she had to return alone: it was a most delightful night, the moon shone bright, save now and then a fine white cloud passed, and obscured her from our view, but she shone forth again with redoubled splendour. Caroline and I were quite happy that we had still a good way to go before we reached home; for by the moon's mellow light we seemed like airy beings treading a fairy landscape. Yarrow's stream looked bright and lovely, and we paused now and then to hear it rushing over its pebbly bed. I never felt myself so charmed with a moon light scene, the water was so beautiful where it formed itself into little eddies, the part which gurgled over seemed tinged with liquid gold; the leaves were falling from the trees, and as the breeze hurried by, it swept them past with a mournful sound. Caroline and I quickened our pace, as we were beginning to feel cold. As we were hastening on, I thought I perceived a person approaching us. I mentioned it to Caroline; with surprise mingled with fear, she looked, and the figure came on with quick steps. As it came nearer, we observed that it was a woman; she was wrapped in a long cloak; the moon shone full upon her face as she passed us, and we could perceive that she was much agitated: her eyes seemed suffused with tears, and she heaved a deep sigh as she threw a fearful glance upon us. Shall we speak to her, said I to Caroline, for my curiosity was raised at her appearance; she seems in trouble, perhaps we could relieve her. We might do so, replied Caroline, but she is past. I instantly turned about and followed her: when I came near enough to be heard, I said, may I ask where you are going to, good woman, for you seem weak and unable to travel far? I am going, madam, said she, hesitatingly—in truth I know not where I am going. I looked in her face, which was sweet and expressive, and I became more interested in her than before. What has brought you here, then, said I; have you no home? I had a home, said she, and a sweet home, but to night I have left it for ever. I am a poor outcast; and who shall take me in now? Thus far I have reached in safety, but what trials await me I dread to think. You are kind, madam, to speak to me; I thought you had not observed me. I was hurrying on to reach some houses which they told me were at no great distance: I hope there to find a shel-

ter for the night, and to-morrow I should find some employment: though I have not been accustomed to labour, yet, if I have health, I shall not repine; it is far better than to accept of an offer for doing which I should never have my own forgiveness. I wish I could be of any service to you, said I: you seem to have been unfortunate; come with me, and I shall at least assure you of a night's lodging: I am anxious to hear the circumstances which have brought you into your present situation; I hope when we get home you will give us some account of yourself. She appeared very grateful for my offer, and turned again with Caroline and me. I shall relate my story to you, said she, for you have a good right to know who you have shewn kindness to; I am glad to think that I shall not be found unworthy of your attention. When we got home we presented some refreshments to our guest, and then retiring to our own room, she thus related her adventures.

"My name is Charlotte Granville. I was born near Alnwick, in Northumberland; my father was the vicar of a small village in the neighbourhood; he was a mild tempered modest man, and was universally beloved: with my mother he got a fortune, but he suffered severely for the mercenary motive of his choice; he was not sufficiently acquainted with her temper, and she proved a source of perpetual misery to him. She was proud and ambitious, of an ungovernable disposition, so every day furnished some new topic for wrangling and discontent. She found herself not in the situation she had expected to fill, the simple life of a vicar's wife now completely despised, and was quite miserable at the thought of her sinking into insignificance. She had two children, of whom I was the eldest. I was her favourite, as she was delighted with my appearance, which was more promising than that of my sister. She indulged many schemes for my future establishment in life, and fondly believed that she saw herself rising in me to dignity and honour: my father often hinted, as gently as possible, the danger of partiality; but it was productive of no other consequence, than abuse against him for his want of discernment in not discovering the charms of his eldest daughter, and her sister's great inferiority. She taught me to set a high value upon my personal attractions, and was very anxious to have me genteelly dressed, as she said every thing depended upon it; but she neglected what was of infinite importance, the cultivation of my mind, and the inculcating useful knowledge: to another I owe what little improvement my mind has received, and I shall always be grateful to him, for the pains he took in impressing upon me important truths, which I hope nothing shall ever be able to efface. My father's health now began to decline, his constitution was delicate, and his spirit, though patient and submissive, was borne down by the constant irritation he received from his contentious wife. I think I still see him on his death-bed, while he clasped his children in his arms, and blessing them, bade them be kind to their mother, and bear with her infirmities. I was much concerned at my father's death, and, young as I was, I observed with dislike that my me-

ther felt no distress, and quickly forgot him. We were obliged to quit our house, and give room to another possessor. My mother came to this neighbourhood, as she had some friends here among whom she still wished to make a figure.

About two years ago, I became acquainted with a young man, the younger son of a farmer in the neighbourhood. Edward Stanley was a youth of amiable and interesting manners. I saw him frequently, and we soon became attached to each other: my mother observed with disapprobation the frequency of his visits, and our liking to be together. She told me one day, that she hoped I did not encourage the visits of Edward, as she observed it with pain, and would take means to prevent it, if I did not discontinue the intercourse. Every thing continued as before, but she took occasion when Edward called in my absence to say, that his visits were not agreeable to her, as she now understood the motive of them.

(To be Continued.)

From a London Paper.

Bonaparte has produced so many extraordinary events, and has acquired such a command over the affairs of the continent, that it would not be surprising if he were to order the *ex-départ* Pope to marry the ex-empress Josephine.

The Empress Josephine to the Editor of the Morning Post.

Dear Sir, in your paper one day in last week A quib, meaning nothing I hope, Appeared, saying *Dovey* might take a new freak, And force me to marry the Pope.

If he should tho' compel me to new marriage vows, What I've suffered could ne'er be surpassed; True it is I should have a most sad wretched spouse, But could he be worse than the last?

JOSEPHINE,

On Bonaparte's demanding the Emperor of Austria's daughter in marriage.

That Francis to make a bad Peace was beguil'd, Has been certainly long understood: And now after all taking from him his child, The Corsican will have his blood.

A Schoolmaster in a village, not 100 miles from H—d, who prides himself on his orthographical knowledge, and is very severe in his criticisms, was lately applied to by an honest *Vulcan*, to write out his bills. On their being presented for payment, it appeared, that *vulcan* had charged his various employers with theft, and one in particular with *stealing* thirty-two ploughshares at 10s. each.

Wives are frequently advertised as eloping with out any just cause or provocation. In the following advertisement from a Vermont paper, the husband is more candid—he freely acknowledges that his *unfeeling* and *unmanly* conduct occasioned her elopement.

NOTICE.

Whereas my wife Jane has eloped from my bed and board (the first beginning of this dispute arose from my going to bed first, and getting fast asleep, and taking no notice of her that night, and the next she went up chamber to lodge,) this is to forbid all persons harboring or trusting her on my account, as I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.

DANIEL PINNEO.

Boston, May 21, 1810.

For the New-York Weekly Museum,

THE ANNIVERSARY OF SORROW.

JULY THE FOURTH.

A PARODY.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. E**** G****.

No time shall 'rase thee from my memory;
Ah! in my heart thou art interred—there, there,
Thy dear resemblance is for ever fixed.

Ugou this day!—this fatal day!—
A month past upon this day,
My dear lamented friend I saw,
On this sad morn, droop like the rose
At noon within the arms of death,
All pale resigning up his breath,
I saw his wearied eye-lids close.

And shall one year! one fleeting year!
Ah! cruel, shall one fleeting year,
My loved, my youthful friend, efface
Thy fond remembrance from my view?
Ah no! thy voice, thy cheerful smile,
Shall still my tender griefs beguile,
And oft my lonely tears renew.

Nor can this world, this busy world—
Ah! never can this busy world,
Nor fortune's envied golden store,
Thy loss to this sad heart supply!
What now are wealth or friends to me,
Though prized and courted once with thee,
When beamed with joy thy cheerful eye!

Can I forget? Can I forget!
Ah, wretched hours! can I forget
What anguish rent my bleeding heart,
When, on that sudden, dreadful day,
I watched beside thy restless bed,
And wept the while, as reason fled—
Then, cold and lifeless saw thee lay!

I see thee yet! I see thee yet!
Ah, yes! methinks I see thee yet,
Sink down to take thy last repose!
And droop thy willer'd, aching head:
Then closing fast thy weary eyes
While the freed spirit seeks the skies,
I view thee silent, wan, and dead!

And thus we glide, we thoughtless glide,
Down life's broad stream in bubbles glide,
Yet calmly view each other's fate!
Till all in turn, from year to year,
Enjoy awhile thy sunny ray,
And flutter through life's little day,
Then join the train, and disappear.

Upon this day! this fatal day!
Each year on this returning day,
Shall fancy still the scene renew,
That pained so late thy throbbing breast,
When plunged beneath the watery grave,
Where now, alas! thy relics rest.

MONTGOMERIE.

EPICRAM.

Cite no more attempt my heart,
'Tis proof against thy utmost art;
You gained it once; but now I find
You wish to conquer all mankind.

Many heroes, great in fame,
Have strove, in vain, to do the same;
But few or none have wish'd, like you,
To conquer, and to—bless them too.

MAXIM.

There is a degree of understanding in women, with which one not only ought to be contented, but absolutely pleased.—one would not, in them, require the unfathomable abyss.

SELECTED.

INDEPENDENT of the lamentable consequences in point of character, which on the woman's part most commonly attend a deviation from virtue, the effects which such a deviation has upon her spirits, is generally fatal. There is a softness in the female mind, so very susceptible of tender impressions that it is next to impossible the idea of a favoured lover should ever be erased; and it is equally impossible that the libertine professed can confine himself to any single attachment, the woman must necessarily be wretched when she knows that those vows and protestations are indiscriminately paid to the whole sex, which she once vainly imagined were engrossed by herself— Besides this there is an ingratitude sort of indolence in the temper of the man, which renders him indifferent in proportion to the study taken to please him, and a spaniel like kind of fondness in the disposition of the woman, which increases her tenderness in proportion as she experiences his indifference or abuse. I seldom or never heard of a man who behaved commonly civil to a woman who had ganted him all she could grant, nor knew a woman once forget a man, by whom she was destroyed. I have an elegy before me, in which a lady ruined and forsaken, paints the general situation of the sex in such circumstances, with no little sensibility, and as the performance has such merit, I shall make no excuse for transcribing a stanza or two, and submitting them to the judgment of my readers.

O that no virgin would incline an ear
To wild expressions from inconstant youth.
But nobly scorn a sentiment to hear,
That seems to laugh at innocence and truth,

For if no just displeasure she reveals,
Time will convince her dearly to her cost,
That step by step the sweet delusion steals,
Till fame and honor are forever lost,

The female mind may bid its terrors cease,
Who never made her softer feelings known,
Nor fear a thought destructive to her peace
While prudence tells her to conceal her own.

But if, alas! in some unguarded hour,
From this advice she madly should depart,
She gives her lover an unbounded power
To wound her honour and to break her heart.

In vain the fair to such a crisis drove,
In sense or soul superior will confide;
For when has reason triumphed over love,
O, inclination been subdued by pride?

Say, Heav'n! to whom my prayer is now addressed,
Why are we subject to so hard a fate
That though the easy fondness of our breast
Be still abused, we never wish to hate.

For e'en this moment when my grief has stole
The aching tribute of a falling tear,
I feel a foolish something round my soul
Declare the soft betrayer is too dear.

Alas! the anguish I am doomed to prove
From real passion only can begin,
For this sad drop proceeds from slighted love,
And pardon Heaven, no sorrow for the sin,

But, O! ye powers, remove each softer trace
That calls his faithless image to my eyes,
For as I know him infamous and base,
It is but just I hate him and despise.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter sent by a young fellow of my acquaintance, lately married to a most amiable woman, to a lady who officiated as bridesmaid to his wife, and who was weak enough to make him some overtures in a little time after the wedding day.

MADAM,

Unfashionable soever as it may be for a gentleman to have any notion of his moral duties, and inelegant soever as it may be in a husband to pay the least attention to his word as a man, I must take the liberty of informing you, that I have too just a regard for the vows which I have lately given to an excellent woman, in the presence of the living God, to think of

violating them by listening to the insinuation of tenderness in others of the sex: And suffer me, madam, to add, that I have not such a cruelty of temper as to destroy the eternal quiet of a deserving lady, which must inevitably be the case in her moments of reflection, let the passions tell her what they will, when reason is more off its guard. I have such an opinion of you, madam, as to suppose an intercourse of an illicit kind, would plant daggers in your bosom, when that fine sense of which you are mistress, had leave to exert itself; and that however the guilty commerce might be secreted from the knowledge of the world, that recollection would harrow up your soul when you whispered it to your own.

Think, madam of your inexpressible beauty, your exalted merit and your elevated rank, nor suffer an unhappy prepossession to lead you into an error repugnant to the regard which is due to your own reputation, the honour of your sex, and the happiness of your friends; and, believe me, that an attention to this advice, whatever you may think of my behaviour at present, will one day oblige you to confess, that I am very much your real friend and most obedient servant.

Should any husband be in my friend's situation, the advice I give him will be a line from an old fashioned book, called the Testament, "Go thou, and do likewise."

The Weekly Museum.

NEW-YORK, JULY 21, 1810

The city inspector reports the deaths of 42 persons, (of whom 8 were men, 12 women, 14 boys, and 8 girls) during two weeks, ending on Saturday last, viz. Of apoplexy 2, casualty 1, consumption 6, convulsions 3, camp in the stomach 2, dropsy 3, drop-sy in the head 1, drowned 1, dysentery 2, typhus fever 2, infantile flux 6, hives 1, inflammation of the lungs 1, inflammation of the bowels 1, killed 1, old age 1, sore throat 1, sprue 2, still-born 2, teething 1, and 1 of whooping-cough.

The case of a drowned was a boy who lost his life in a pond near L. and M.'s.

The case of a killed was Catherine Dubois, aged 45 years, whose death was occasioned by a blow from her husband.

On Monday night last, the Store of Messrs. W. and S. Craig, No. 64 Front-street, was robbed of a piece of fine linen and a suit of ship's coats. It is supposed that the person who committed the robbery, had concealed himself in the store during the day (as none of the doors or windows were forced) and made his escape by a back window, which was found open.

In New-York Sound, Mr. Nathan Meigs, supposed to have been shot by his own son, in a boat, and thrown overboard!

Fatal Accident.—On Friday the 13th inst. in the afternoon, Mr. Moses T. Crane was shot through the body and immediately expired.—The circumstances as related to us, are as follows: Mr. C. sent a boy to bring him a fowling piece, while he (Mr. C.) was engaged in cleaning another: the boy returned with the gun, and standing near the deceased, with the muzzle of the piece within a few feet of Mr. C. when the gun went off, and the contents were lodged in the most vital part of Mr. C.'s body, who fell and expired without a groan.

Mr. Adv.

Mr. Cooper, the distinguished and justly celebrated tragedian, sailed some two weeks ago from New-York to Liverpool in the Hannibal. Previous to his departure we ascertained from

himself that his visit to England is but a temporary one, that the principal object of it is to engage actors and actresses, and that it is not his intention to play during his residence there. His connexion with Mr. Price in the management of the house remains as it was, and he proposes to return by the opening of the theatrical season. To those who can appreciate excellence like Cooper's this intelligence will be grateful.

Citizen.

Extract of a Letter, dated Fredericksburg July 11, 1810.

"The crops of wheat in this state (Virginia) were never known to the oldest farmer to be so very abundant in quantity as well as excellent in quality—the greatest part is already housed, another week of weather as the present will completely secure the harvest. I saw some of the new wheat weighed yesterday, which was 64 lbs per bushel, and very beautiful grain."

A law for the suppression of Duelling has passed in the Illinois territory, founded on the Virginia code. The punishment of the surviving duellist, (if his antagonist die within three months,) the aiders, abettors and counsellors thereof, to suffer death by hanging. The challenger, or person accepting a challenge, is declared incapable even of holding or being elected to any office of profit or trust civil or military, within the territory. Persons when entering upon the duties of office, are to swear or affirm, that they have never been engaged in a duel, either directly or indirectly, in any wise whatever.

Melancholy Occurrence.—On the 20th ult. at the house of a Mr. Barnes in the town of Pul-tney, Belmont county, Ontario, a riot took place among some persons who were drinking. Barnes commanded peace, declared that he would not permit of such conduct in his house, when a person named Lashley commenced violently abusing him—Barnes took his gun and presenting it to Lashley's breast, swore he would be the death of him if he did not leave the house. Lashley pushed the gun to one side, at which moment it was discharged and shot the mother of Lashley, who was near him—she expired in about four hours. Barnes is committed to prison.

SUICIDE.

A man by the name of Rufus Greene, about 26 years of age, put an end to his existence, by taking a large dose of Arsenic, on Tuesday morning, the 26th ult. at the house of Elisha Graves, innkeeper in Vernon. In consequence of its being supposed that intoxication alone constituted his complaint, no medical aid arrived till after he expired. His body was opened by the Physicians who were called in, and a large quantity of Arsenic found in the stomach, the internal coat of which was almost wholly dissolved. No insanity of mind was discovered, nor is the particular cause of this desperate and criminal act yet understood: but we are informed that on Monday preceding his death he bought at a store in Sullivan half an ounce of Arsenic and hinted at a public house, on his way to Vernon, of his wicked design. He had a temporary residence at Onondaga, and had been for sometime in the habit of driving a team.

Unica Pat.

RAGS.

Cash given for clean Cotton and Linen RAGS at this office

COURT OF HYMEN.

Hymen! 'tis thine, sweet soothing power
To give the smile of ease,
And on Adversity's dark hour
To pour the tide of peace.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Richard Moore, Mr. Thomas S. Uffington, to Miss Ann Hallett, both of this city.

On Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Samuel Vay, of Salem, to Leah Donnelly of Staten-Island.

At Cedar-Swamp, Long-Island on Thursday evening, 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Hart Mr. Rowland P. Allen merchant, of this city, to Miss Sarah Townsend, daughter of Hulet Townsend, of the former place.

MORTALITY.

Three happy each lamented son,
Safe landed on some happier shore!
Whose short-timed glass so soon is run,
And death shall never pain him more.

DIED.

On Tuesday last, after a short illness, Mr. Thomas Alderson, aged 52 years.

On Tuesday last, Mrs. Mary Miller, wife of Mr. William Miller.

On the same evening, after a long and tedious illness, Mrs. Thomasin Gordon, aged 60 years.

On Wednesday last, Mr. John Knox, Merchant.

At Newark, N. J. on Friday the 13th inst. Mrs. E. Gifford, aged 48 years, wife of Mr. Archer Gifford, of that place.

At Philadelphia, Mrs. Elizabeth Bright, wife of Gen. Bright.

At the same place, Mrs. Sarah Erwin, relict of capt. George Erwin.

At Baltimore, David McMeckan, Esq.

WANTED.

An Apprentice to the Printing Business.
Apply at this Office.

The Economical and convenient Floating
WAX TAPERS.

Having met with so rapid a sale, and having been proved upon long experience to be exceedingly useful in families where light is required during the night, and particularly with the sick. The real manufacturer in order to prevent the public from being imposed upon by any offered for sale to imitate them, hereby gives notice, that those which are genuine are sold at David Longworth's, (Shakespeare Gallery) No. 11 Park; M. and W. Wad's Book and Stationary Store, City Hotel, Broadway; and C. Harrison's, No. 3 Peck-Slip—only.

From the care and attention which has been rendered to bring them to perfection, the public are assured that they may be depended upon to burn from 10 to 12 hours, may be made use of in a wine glass, tumbler, or other similar vessel, that they will not consume more than a spoonful of oil, and will give a good and sufficient light, exclusively of being perfectly safe from the danger of communicating fire.

They are sold in boxes of fifty each, and that no inconvenience or disappointment may be experienced, the original manufacturer's name (M. A. Kempton) is signed by himself on the label of each box.

July 21

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WINDOW-BLINDS AND CISTERNS.

Window-Blinds of every description for Sale. Old Blinds repaired and painted in the neatest manner. Cisterns made, put in the ground, and warranted tight by C ALFORD,
No 15 Catharine street, near the Watch house.

CISTERNS

made and put in the ground, warranted tight, by DUNN AND ROTHERY,
ROSE-STREET,
Two doors from Pearl-Street

COURT OF APOLLO.

THE YORK MATCH. A NEW JOCKEY SONG.

(Written by Mrs. Thornion.)

To the post we advanced, at the signal to start,
Brisk I flourished my whip over Louisa's ears;
When springing again, by a resolute dash,
I gained a whole length of the jockey of peers;
That advantage to keep, as I rode fleet along,
Behind me full many a glance did I throw—
I soon found Pd the foot, but Allegro was strong,
And the jockey of peers carried weight, as you know.

I tried then to cut the third post pretty close,
At the same time, the length I gained to preserve,
Gave whip to my mare, but she kicked at the dose,
And—a vile little devil—attempted to swerve;
I changed, and a left-handed cut brought her to,
But Buckle 'tween me and the post made a push,
And lay neck and neck with me, all I could do,
Not seeming to value my efforts a rush.

I led him, however, at length to a slough,
Where he sunk to the fetlock at every stroke,
My Buck had the bone—he pressed hard at me now,
And seemed to enjoy much the best of the joke;
But I crossed at the next post, and stretching my hand—
As I hope to be saved, without malice or heat—
I put all his trials of skill to the stand,
For the jockey Buck I nearly threw from his seat.

He recovered his saddle, by seizing the mane,
My mare darted forward, as swift as the wind,
Nor heard I of the horse or of Buckle again,
Till I turned, and beheld them come panting behind;
My pleasure alone, that sensation defines,
Which the Laplander courts from the breeze of the south,
When I saw my Buck distanced, and dashed up the line,
With my mare hard in hand, and my whip in my mouth.

From the Dover Sun.

THE MISER.

Brown the Miser, lank and lean with care
Of hoarding money base ignoble wretch!
See how he hugs his bags of shining ore;
See how he strains his sunken dimless eyes,
As slow their useless contents he explores;
And vainly dreams of bliss; mistaken fool!
No joys which thrill the generous soul he knows;
He never feels the pure extatic glow
Of sweet benevolence—is truly dead
To every feeling of humanity!
To him in vain the helpless orphan cries,
Distress finds no relief; Hell to himself,
A nuisance to the world, a monster dire!
Scourged ever with accursed Avarice.

LINES,

On the Death of a Lady's Cat.

AND is Miss Tabby from the word retired?
And are her liver, all her nine lives expired?
Begin, ye tuneful Nine, a mournful strain,
For every Muse should celebrate a life.

CARDS, HANDBILLS &c.
PRINTED AT THIS OFFICE,
ON MODERATE TERMS.

MORALIST.

LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.

Was a part of the prayer taught by him who
"spoke as never man spake." It is very probable
that many persons in their addresses to the Deity
make use of this or similar language, without once
considering the force of the obligations they are by
this means laid under. Praying for a deliverance
from temptation reasonably suppose a sincere ab-
horrence of the sin feared, and a real and firm reso-
lution to repel the secret excitements to sin in our own
breasts. Now, if we do not perseveringly avoid the
temptations to evil, can we expect any deliverance
from it, or support under it? When we heedlessly
rush into the circle of the paphne, can we really wish
to be kept from imitating them? Or, if we had an ut-
ter dereliction for every species of immorality,
should we willingly place ourselves in a situation to
hear and see it? Can we consistently go into the
company of bacchanals, and still say "lead us not
into temptation?" Many suppose that while they re-
frain from open violation of decency, and avoid the
grosser kind of impurity, their virtue is perfectly
safe. But let such be told, that although heinous
crimes may not be charged against them yet while
they frequent the haunts of vice, or place themselves
in any situation through life in which they would not
be justified by the most rigid rules, they are gradual-
ly and almost imperceptibly receding from virtue,
till at last their minds are corrupted, their taste
vitiated, their hatred of vice in every shape is soft-
ened down to a kind of shyness, and their love of vir-
tue is so cooled that if pursued at all, it is only as a
political good.—Still these persons may pray very
fervently "lead us not into temptation."

SCHOOL.

The Subscriber wishes to inform his patrons and
the public, that he has commenced School at No. 315
Water Street, near New Ship, and teaches the art of
Penmanship upon the latest and most approved plan,
and professes to equal any; and has introduced an en-
tire new plan of teaching Spelling and Reading
whereby Pupils will, in three months, acquire more
correct knowledge therein, than they possibly can in
six months by any other plan or means hitherto used.
Encouragement at which, and the other branches of
English Literature, is earnestly solicited. The strict
test attention will be paid to order and the civil de-
portment of the pupils, by W. D. LAZELL.
New-York, June 2 1811—11

DURABLE INK, FOR WRITING ON LINEN
with a pen for sale at No. 3. Peck-Slip.

CHAMBER LIGHT AT NIGHT.

The floating Wax Tapers which will burn ten hours
and not consume more than a spoonful of oil, will be
found exceedingly cheap and convenient. They give
a good and sufficient light—may be burnt in a wine
glass, Tumbler or any similar vessel—and are perfect-
ly safe, as no sparks will emit from them.
They are recommended to the physician, the sick
and others who may require or wish a light during
the night.
They are sold at C. Harrison's Book Store, No
3, Peck-Slip, in boxes containing 50 tapers, at 50
cents per box. 1103

NEW-YORK,
PUBLISHED BY C HARRISON
NO. 3 PECK-SLIP.

ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUUM

CARBONIC OR CHARCOAL DENTRIFICE, CHYMICALLY PREPARED BY NATHANIEL SMITH,

Wholesale and Retail Perfumer, at the Golden Rose
No. 150, Broad-Way, New-York.

Among the various complaints to which the human
body is subject, there are, perhaps, none more uni-
versal than those of the Teeth and Gums, and though
there is no immediate danger, yet they are often both
very troublesome and extremely painful. The teeth
being that part of the human frame by which the
voice is considerably modulated, without considering
what an addition to beauty a fine set of teeth are, that
any person sensible of these things, must undoubtedly
wish to preserve them.

Nathaniel Smith having made Chymical Perfumery
his study for thirty years, in London and America, be-
sides his apprenticeship, has had an opportunity of
gaining great information on this subject and others
in his line, the Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice, Chy-
mically prepared, Smith would now offer the public,
is of a superior quality for whitening the teeth and
preserving the gums, fastening in those that are loose,
making them firm and strong, preventing rotten and
decaying teeth from growing worse, and prevents se-
vere and acute tooth aches; it takes off all that thick
corrosive matter and tartary substance that gathers
round the base of the tooth, which it suffered to re-
main, occasions a disagreeable smell in the breath
eats the enamel from the teeth, and destroys the
gums.

Those persons who wish to have the comforts of a
good set of teeth, are particularly requested to make
use of Smith's Carbonic or Charcoal Dentrifice: chy-
mically prepared, as it can be warranted not to con-
tain any of those acid and acrimonious substances,
which only create a temporary whiteness, but in the
end destroys the enamel, occasions severe pains and
rottenness of the teeth; these with many other in-
conveniences which arise from bad Tooth Powders
are entirely removed by using Smith's Carbonic or
Charcoal Dentrifice, chymically prepared.

Nathaniel Smith has taken the greatest pains to
have the materials of the best quality, and made in
the most skilful manner, for those things when made
by unskilful hands, greatly injures what it was at first
intended to adorn.

N. Smith has this dentrifice particularly made under
his own inspection.

40¢ per box.

March 10

1099—1f

PRINCE EGYPTIAN'S TIACTURE, FOR THE TEETH AND GUMS.



Prepared after the original receipt from this distin-
guished European, dentist to the present proprietor
who is induced, by the many requests of his acquaint-
ances who have given it a trial, to offer this much es-
teemed preparation to the public in hopes of checking
in part, the use of common and pernicious tooth
powders which by friction and the corrosive ingre-
dients they usually contain soon destroy the enamel
loosen and materially injure the teeth and gums.—
This mischief, and its disreputable effects, is abate-
d by the peculiar properties of the tincture, which
preserves and whitens the teeth, fastens those that
are loose, sweetens the breath, strengthens the gums,
and completely eradicates the scurvy, which often
proves destructive to a whole set of teeth. The tinc-
ture is of great value to persons wearing artificial
teeth fastened to the natural ones, as it prevents the
natural teeth from becoming loose, and the others
from changing their colour.

Sold by appointment at the office of the Weekly
Museum, No. 3. Peck slip—at two shillings a bot-
tle, with directions.

May 26

1110—1f

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FOR THE YEAR 1809,
NEATLY BOUND,
FOR SALE AT THIS OFFICE